War. Thereon I pawne mine honour and my credit.
Lew. What, is he gratious in the peoples eyes?
War. The more, that *Henry* is vnfortunate.
Lew. What, is his loue to our sister *Bona?* (selfe,
War. Such it seemes, as may beseeme a monarke like him-
My selfe haue often heard him say and sweare,
That this his loue was an eternall plant,
The roote whereof was fixt in vertues ground:
The leaues and fruite maintainde with beauties sunne,
Exempt from enuie, but not from disdaine,
Vnlesse the Lady *Bona* quite his paine.
Lew. Then sister, let vs heare your firme resolue.
Bona. Your graunt or your deniall, shall be mine,
But ere this day I must confesse, when I
Haue heard your Kinges desertes recounted,
Mine eares haue tempted iudgement to desire.
Lew. Then draw neare Queene *Margaret*, & be a witnesse,
That *Bona* shall be wife to the English King.
Prince Edvv. To *Edvvard*, but not the English King.
VVar. Henrie now liues in *Scotland* at his ease,
Where hauing nothing, nothing can he lose:
And as for you, your selfe, our *quondam* Queene,
You haue a father able to maintaine your state:
And better twere to trouble him then *Fraunce.*
Sound for a Post vvithin.
Lew. Here comes some Post *VVarvvicke*, to thee or vs.
Post. My Lord Ambassadour, this Letter is for you,
Sent from your brother Marquis *Montague.*
This from our King vnto your Maiestie.
And these to you Madam, from whom I know not.
Oxf I like it well, that our faire Queene and Mistresse
Smiles at her newes, when *Warvvicke* frets at his.
P.Ed. And marke how *Levves* stampes, as he were netled.
Levv. Now *Margaret* & *VVarvvicke*, What are your news?
Queen. Mine, such as filles my hart full of ioy.
VVar. Mine, full of sorrow and harts discontent.
Levv. What, hath your King married the Lady *Gray*,
And now to excuse himselfe, sendes vs a Post of papers?

How

How dares he presume to
Queen. This proueth
VVar. King *Lewes*, I he
And by the hope I haue
That I am cleare from thi
No more my King, for h
And most himselfe, if he
Did I forget that by the h
My father came vntimel
Did I let passe the abuse
Did I impale him with th
And thrust king *Henrie* f
And most vngratefull do
My gratious Queene, p
And hencefoorth I am th
I will reuenge the wrong
And replant *Henrie* in his
Queen. Yes *VVarwicke*
If now thou wilt become
War. So much his frien
That if King *Lewes* vouc
With some few bandes
Ile vndertake to land the
And force the Tyrant fr
Tis not his new made Br
Lew. Then at the last,
You shall haue ayde:
And English *Messenger*
And tell false *Edward*, thy
That *Levves* of *Fraunce*,
To reuell it with him a
Bona. Tell him, in ho
Ile weare the Willow G
Queen. Tell him, my
And I am readie to put
War. Tell him from
And therefore Ile vncro
Ther's thy reward; beg